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No. 3

THIRD PARTY MOVEMENT

Started in Ohio County last Saturday.

Provisions Made for Organization--W. S. Tinsley Endorsed for National Delegate

The Convention of the Progressives was held at the court house here Saturday afternoon, pursuant to the call. The meeting was called to order at 2 o'clock by Mr. C. M. Barnett, and Mr. Silas J. Stevens, of Cincinnati, was elected as permanent chairman of the convention, and Prof. W. J. Hartley selected as secretary.

Upon taking the chair Mr. Stevens addressed the meeting and stated plainly that he was in perfect sympathy with the Progressive movement, and of the right of the people to rule. He presented the following committee on resolution: H. E. Brown, Ernest Woodward, Wm. Hamilton, C. M. Barnett and W. S. Tinsley.

While the committee was deliberating Judge R. B. Welding addressed the convention. The committee then brought in their report, which was as follows:

Your committee on resolution submit the following report:

First: We endorse the call for this convention and the convention to be held at Elizabethtown on August 1st to select delegates to the convention of Progressives to be held in Chicago August 5th, 1912.

Second: We denounce the conduct of the Republican National Committee for its highhanded action in thwarting the will of the Republican voters in seating Roosevelt delegates to the Republican National Convention, thus turning a Taft minority into a majority, whereby for the first time in the history of the United States nomination for the high office of Presidency by any party was stolen. Having denounced election thievery in all its forms in both State and nation in the past, we declare as honorable citizens we cannot condone nor support it because it happens to originate in our own household. We therefore declare it to be the sense of this convention that no Republican is bound by the action of the late National Convention held in Chicago because of its fraudulent and corrupt decision in retaining the delegates fraudulently selected by the national committee from the States of Kentucky, Texas, Washington, Indiana and elsewhere by allowing them to vote on the reports of the Committee on Credentials to seat each other, and we hereby call upon all voters to join with us in the fight which is to be waged in behalf of the common people upon a platform to be adopted at Chicago, the forecast of which furnishes evidence that it is to be the greatest declaration of principles ever enunciated by any party which has heretofore gone before the people asking support since the declaration of our government.

Third: We endorse and instruct our delegates to the Elizabethtown Convention to vote for instructions for Theodore Roosevelt for President of the United States, and hereby pledge ourselves to use every honorable effort to secure his nomination and election, believing that the more thoroughly embodied the principle of government by the people, without which the discussion of all other issues is mere waste of time, than any man in public life today and that with him as our President peace, prosperity, happiness and contentment will follow for all.

Fourth: Our delegates are further instructed to vote for W. S. Tinsley of Ohio County as one of the delegates from the Fourth Congressional District to the National Convention. The following are hereby appointed delegates and urged to attend the convention at Elizabethtown August 1st:

M. A. Plaugh, E. G. Burman, Henry Lewis, S. L. Stevens, Ernest Woodward, J. E. Dempsey, Dr. A. D. Park, D. E. Ward, Dr. F. H. DoWitt, W. S. Dean, Andrew Thorpe, J. A. C. Park, S. A. Bratcher, W. C. Ashby, C. M. Barnett, J. E. Park, T. H. Black, W. P. Middleford, Dr. A. B. Elsey, T. H. Hepton, J. H. Williams, Roy Knowl, J. M. Rogers, R. H. Welding, W. S. Thayer, C. E. Smith, W. B. Taylor, Thos. H. Avery, O. E. Scott, H. E. Brown, Henry Carter, Dr. E. P. Rogers, Dr.

Wildwood Lake, W. W. Duncan, W. F. Sandefur, W. C. Elsey, John H. Davis, John Johnson, T. H. Fryman, William Thunckton, Monroe Lee, Col. D. Keown, M. S. Patterson, J. D. Johnston, H. S. Gschwendtner, J. A. Bithorn, H. T. Crowder, J. G. Keown.

C. M. BARNETT,
W. S. TINSLEY,
H. E. BROWN,
ERNEST WOODWARD,
WM. HAMILTON.

Committee.

Upon reading the report there is abundant enthusiasm for the Third Party Movement and lauding the principles advocated by Col. Roosevelt, were made by Messrs. C. M. Barnett, Ernest Woodward, C. E. Smith, D. E. Ward and Henry Lewis. Question of adopting the resolutions as reported by the committee was then placed before the convention and carried unanimously.

A resolution providing for the organization of the county was offered by Mr. W. S. Tinsley and adopted by the convention. The resolution was as follows:

Resolved by this convention, that H. G. Barnes, S. L. Stevens, C. P. Keown, J. E. Dempsey, T. H. Benton, James Tinsley, O. H. Tinsley, W. C. Elsey and W. T. Keown, citizens and voters of Ohio County, Ky., be, and they are hereby designated, authorized and empowered as a Committee on Organization, representing this convention and all voters of the County who endorse its action, and that said committee shall have full power to act on all matters pertaining to the organization of the County during the remainder of the present year; it is further resolved, that if in the judgment of said committee they deem it to the best interest of the voters hereby assembled, they may absent a County executive committee to be composed of one member from each of the various 31 voting precincts of the County, which executive committee it selected shall meet at the Court House in Hartford, Ky., on a date to be fixed by the Committee hereby appointed and procedure organized by the election of a Chairman and Secretary, who may, or may not be members of said executive committee.

Be it further resolved, that in the event said Executive Committee is formed and properly organized the committee first above provided for shall cease to exist and the entire governmental authority shall be vested in the aforesaid County Executive Committee. Upon the adoption of this resolution the convention adjourned. The meeting was well attended, considering the busy time of the season and much enthusiasm was displayed.

Roosevelt Man Ousted.

Washington, July 25.—As the result of his refusal to resign at the request of Secretary MacVeagh, Joseph O. Thompson was removed today as Collector of Internal Revenue from Alabama and Mississippi, with headquarters at Birmingham.

Mr. MacVeagh dismissed the Collector by telegram on authority of the Presi-

dent.

Mr. Thompson is the leader of the Roosevelt forces in Alabama. He was asked to resign several days ago. His refusal was received today by Secretary MacVeagh, who immediately took up the case with the President and asked for authority to take summary action.

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Mayer Takes Ride in Aeroplane at Hopkinsville.

Hopkinsville, Ky., July 27.—With a great crowd present to view a series of beautiful flights made by Aviator Deloyd Thompson in the airship invented by Judge Charles O. Prowse, of this city, Hopkinsville's free aviation meet of three days ended late this afternoon.

True to his promise, Mayor Charles M. Meadham was a passenger in one of the flights. He was cheered to the

cheers as he circled the aviation field in the big machine. Birdman Thompson also

carried three other passengers, one being Miss Johnson of Chicago, an aviator who is here to fly one of Judge Prowse's machines.

Only two other airplanes have been

built in America on the tractor principle used by Judge Prowse. One of these was wrecked at Marblehead, Mass. Mr.

Thompson, who is an experienced aviator, announces the invention of Judge

Prowse's a perfect success in every particular. There is great delight here over the Hopkinsville man's achievement, gained after two years' hard work and sacrifice.

Pay Your Taxes.

Taxes for year 1912 are now due, and we are ready to receive same.

T. H. BLACK,
Sheriff Ohio County.

JAMES PREPARES FLOWERY EFFORTS

Big Ollie Some Orator and This One is in Line.

Kentucky Solon Has Speech Ready With Which He Will Notify Wilson.

Washington, July 27.—While Woodrow Wilson has been sequestered this week at the home of an unnamed friend at Saginaw, engaged in the preparation of his speech of acceptance, Ohio M. James, the silver tongued Kentucky orator, has been putting the finishing touches on the speech of notification.

It is no disparagement of the Democratic candidate to say that if his

speech of acceptance measures up to

the standard of Mr. James' speech of

notification, he will have to "go some."

Senator-elect James is a great orator

and the coming notification speech will

be one of his masterpieces.

The interesting ceremonial of "notifying" Gov. Wilson of his nomination will

take place at Saginaw, on August 7,

one week from next Wednesday. During

the dying hours of the Baltimore con-

vention Thomas Taggart offered a

resolution appointing Mr. James as chair-

man of the notification committee.

Mr. James has completed the program

that will be followed. It calls upon

the members of the Notification Com-

mittee, representing every State and Ter-

ritory, to assemble at the Hotel Imperia-

in New York City at 8:30 o'clock

on the morning of August 7. New York

was chosen as the place of rendezvous

because of its accessibility. At 9 o'clock

the committee will leave via Pennsyl-

vania railroad for Saginaw, arriving

there at 11 a.m. The notification cere-

mony will take place at 2 p.m.

Mr. James will present to the juri-

or a handsomely bound copy of

the platform adopted at Baltimore,

together with a formal letter signed by

himself and all of the members of the

notification committee, informing him of

his nomination to be the standard bearer

of the party. In connection with the

presentation of these memoranda will

occur the speeches of notification and ac-

cptance.

Mr. James says the notification cere-

monial will not be an occasion for fuss

and friars and a gorgeous display of

purple Alberts and high hats. On the

contrary, he, for one, is going to wear

a vest and will try to keep as cool and

comfortable as the circumstances will

permit. He has written a letter to every

member of the notification committee,

giving notice of the arrangements, and

from most of them he has received as-

surance that they will be present, so

that he confidently expects a large at-

tendance of the committee.

On the notification committee are a

number of well-known Democrats, Indiana

is represented by Andrew A. Adams,

of Columbia City, a fellow-

townsman and close friend of Governor

Marshall, who was the Indiana Governor's

personal representative at Baltimore.

He has written to Mr. James

that he will attend the notification.

The Kentucky member is Representative

Ben Johnson, one of the leaders of the

Bluegrass Democracy. The Ohio mem-

ber is John S. Shook.

Wilson Knows Teddy is Man He Must Beat.

Washington, July 27.—The managers of

Woodrow Wilson's campaign realize

even this early in the presidential po-

litical game that Theodore Roosevelt, and

not William H. Taft, is the man they

have to beat.

They are making all of their plans

in accordance with the theory that

President Taft will really outlast

the figure in the campaign and that very

little attention need be given to him,

but that it will tax all of their re-

sources to prevent Col. Roosevelt from

being elected President.

This is the secret back of the ma-

terfully arranged plan to send William

J. Bryan out to worry and harass

Col. Roosevelt and to follow him with

a gaudy bevy of question marks into

every doable State.

The Democratic campaign plan calls

for no direct attack of President Taft.

It is held that he has already been el-

iminated and that the campaign will

lie against the leader of the third

party movement.

DESCRIPTION OF OIL FIELDS

Pumps are Worked Night and Day.

One Illinois Farm Has Thirty-Four Producing Oil Wells.

ever. Some thin veins of coal are plowed here by the drifts, and there is coal in paying quantities at short distance north and also south of this field, where profitable mines are being operated.

Every few hours one can see rise on the horizon a great cloud of very black, dense smoke. The explanation is that some fellow is burning the waste oil. The government prohibits its allowing the waste to run into the streams, and a match is stuck to it and it soon goes up in flames and smoke. What a transition from the days of 150 years ago when the Indians, restraining from George Rogers Clark and his Kentucky troops in their march march to capture Vincennes, lit a prairie fire in this same region with clouds of smoke from trees smothered with prairie grass.

RURAL CARRIER IN TROUBLE

STORIES of CAMP AND WAR

SHARP BATTLE IN ARKANSAS

Charge and Countercharge at Prairie Grove is Graphically Related by Veteran of Chicago.

Western fighting was not so dramatically set forth at the time of the war as were the campaigns of the east, but its picturesqueness is unquestionable. It has a special claim on Chicago's interest because many of the men who fought in the army of the frontier are now living in Chicago. One of these, George Rettig, who lives at 2105 Leland avenue, tells of his experiences at Prairie Grove in the Arkansas-Missouri campaign of 1862. The story is as follows:

"After the battle of Rhee's Mills we came down to the place known as Prairie Grove. Here our position was on high ground on the concave side of a bend made by the valley of a little stream. Beyond the creek and the level land that bordered it was another rise of ground, on which the Confederates had their battery hidden in the woods.

"The Third Wisconsin cavalry, my regiment, was at the right, and the Twentieth Wisconsin Infantry was at the center. This regiment started out first. Down the hill they went, with the fire of the rebel battery converged on them, and across the level ground, and up the other hill they made their way, climbing a fence to reach the wooded ground. They reached the guns and a captain had planted a flag on the battery when the whole line of Confederate infantry, which had been reserved for this purpose, rose up and threw the Wisconsin men back down the hill. More than 100 of our men were left hanging on the fence or dying in the woods.

"Then the secess came out in turn. They aimed for a point half way between my regiment and the Twentieth Wisconsin. Here Rapp's Indiana battery was set up. The Confederates tried to charge the battery, and every time they were driven back by a rain



It Was Like Shooting into a Flock of Chickens.

of grape and canister. It was like shooting into a flock of chickens. The Confederates spread for a moment and then came back again to the charge. They were piled five and six high in front of the guns before they were ordered back to their lines.

"Evening came, and there was no more fighting, and in the morning when we expected to be attacked we found that the enemy had left. So we went down and took Van Buren and Fort Smith. There was not much trouble there. We came down from the high ground into the city after an engagement with some Texas rangers, and we found the place deserted by the men. The secess were on the other side of the river with a battery and they shot canister and grape across the water and up the streets. We put a Union flag on the courthouse, and they shelled it, but their aim was not good, and the flag stayed. With all their firing they did not hit one man of us, but they did kill several hogs and one woman."

Not Yet.

When some Union soldiers were scouting in the mountains of western North Carolina they came to a cabin in a clearing which might have been across the sea so far as it being disturbed by the war was concerned. Laziness was in the air. The hogs slept where they had fallen without a grunt, a thin claybank mule grazed 'round and 'round in a circle to save the effort of walking, and a lean, lank man, whose garments were the color of the mule, dozed in the shade of a sycamore and let time roll by.

"Howdy do?" shouted a soldier when the man showed signs of life.

"Howdy," came the answer.

"Pleasant country."

"Fur them as likes it."

"Lived here all your life?"

The southerner spat pensively in the dust: "Not yit."

Perkins Was Collected.

"I understand," said the investigating officer, "that you and Private Perkins were calm and collected when the explosion occurred at the powder magazine."

"Well—yes, sir," replied the soldier slowly. "That is, I was calm, but poor Perkins, he was collected."

Mary Ellen's Way

"I think it would be nice to have some chickens of our own," said Mr. Mary Ellen at the breakfast table. "The eggs we get would make a hen bushy. They are always high, too. Didn't you pay 50 cents a dozen last winter?"

Mary Ellen admitted she did.

"That's outrageous. We could raise our own eggs for much less than that. And have fresh ones in the bargain. And broilers, too. Think of delicious tender broilers!"

Mary Ellen was not partial to keeping chickens; but she only said mildly: "Chickens are a sort of nuisance, aren't they?"

"Not if they are taken care of properly."

"Well, do just as you please. Fresh eggs would be nice."

That night a consignment of Rhode Island Reds arrived.

The next day the iceman left the gate open and the Rhode Island Reds strode into the yard, as if putting a meditative eye Mary Ellen watched them as they settled down industriously to the task of overhauling Mr. Mary Ellen's pet flower border. They had a grand time. They followed the trail of each worm to its beginning in the lower regions. They took dust baths. They indulged in vigorous leg exercises. When the day was done and darkness fell from the wings of night, their wings were folded contentedly over a sense of duty thoroughly performed.

"What in thunder is the matter with the flowers?" exploded Mr. Mary Ellen as he viewed the wreckage.

"The iceman left the gate open and the chickens got in," said Mary Ellen meekly. "Isn't it too bad?"

Mr. Mary Ellen stalked gloomily into the house. The next morning a sign, "Shut the Gate," adorned that feature of the domicile.

About 10 o'clock excited squawks and the furious tooting of an auto horn rose on the air; and as the car whirled on the king of the flock, the resplendent rooster, lay a mutilated wreck by the roadside.

"I'm awfully sorry, dear, but the rooster was killed today by an auto."

"Why don't you keep them up?"

"You said they were to run out."

So Mr. Mary Ellen spent the evening mending the fence around the chicken coop. He was not an expert carpenter, and his hands looked the worse for the experience when he came in.

"Did you get any eggs today?" he asked warily.

"No, I guess chickens have to get used to a place before they lay."

The days passed and still the eggs refused to appear.

"Maybe it doesn't agree with them to be kept up," suggested Mary Ellen.

"What in thunder can you do with them? You can't let 'em run and you can't keep 'em up."

"They are a problem," said Mary Ellen sympathetically. "And it takes so much of your time to read up about chickens. It's a shame. You never get to read the magazines or new books or anything any more. That last book I got was a corker, just the kind you like."

Mr. Mary Ellen sighed. A few days later he said, "Those chickens are scratching themselves awful."

"Maybe they ought to be greased."

"Yes, I have heard that when chickens get to scratching themselves you have to catch them and grease them about the head and the wings and such places. It's a mess to do it."

"Not for mine," said Mr. Mary Ellen. "I'm no hen lubricator."

"But dear, they won't be healthy if you don't grease them."

"Then they can pine pine away and die, drat 'em."

"It is a shame for you to have to work so hard. I wish you did not have them. You are just wearing yourself out over those chickens. And they don't pay, either. They are not worth it."

The next day somebody called and said Mr. Mary Ellen, with a twinkle in her eye, watched them depart.

"Yes, I did work hard," said Mr. Mary Ellen that night after supper. "But I didn't mind that. If it had paid it would have been all right. But there is no sense in going on with a thing that doesn't pay."

"Not a hit," said Mary Ellen blithely. "Only not everybody has the sense you have to see it."—Chicago Post.

Had Earned a Rest.

A man who gets a job nowadays under the civil service has to work. If he doesn't, he is fired and a real man is put in his place. But it was not like this in the good days of old. Senator Bankhead of Alabama, tells the story of a man he met on the street in Washington years ago when civil service in the government had just been established.

"Well," said the man, "I've been working myself to death for the best three months trying to get a civil service appointment, but you can bet your life I'm going to take it easy now."

"Well, I suppose you failed through lack of influence," sympathized the senator.

"No," said the man, "I've gotten the appointment."

WAR REMINISCENCES

TALE OF WINCHESTER BATTLE

Col. Mulligan Met Death During Fight Near Winchester—Several Thrilling Incidents Told.

Comrade H. M. Clayton, Twenty-sixth Ohio, speaks of a fight near Winchester as happening July 20. It was the first or second Sunday in August. The command I was in was on its way back from the battle of Monocacy Junction, near Frederick, Md., through Virginia. We crossed the Shenandoah river near Snicker's Gap, and there got with Mulligan's brigade and the First New York cavalry, which was very good company, writes Wm. C. Eckman of Atlantic City, N. J., in the National Tribune.

We went around Winchester and struck the pike at Kernstown on Saturday.

The command to which I belonged was a detachment of Cole's Rangers, under Captain Link. He was in the advance. The First New York cavalry did picket duty that night. On Sunday many were cheated out of breakfasts. Just at that time that old familiar call, "Boots and saddles," sounded. The rebels had sighted us, and opened fire on us with three small guns. We were ordered to charge. We drove them back, but we did not get back to our breakfast. That started the fun for the day. We had a few charges and skirmishes with Cole's cavalry.

About 3 p. m. the enemy came out of the woods on our left and front, and it was there that Colonel Mulligan was killed and left in the hands of the enemy. He and Captain Link were leading us and the First New York cavalry, but the rebels were too much for us. I did not see any other command but Mulligan's and Cole's men.

On Wednesday of that week some

of Captain Link's men escaped, and Mrs. Mulligan, under a flag of truce, went through the lines to Winchester and brought her husband's body to Martinsburg. We covered the retreat through Winchester on the north of town, I was sent along with 25 or 30 men out behind a stone fence to hold the rebels in Winchester until General Averill's cavalry came from Berryville. But we were cut off between the two lines. We had a guide with us, and he led us through woods and brush and swamps till we struck the old dirt road to Mar-



He Led Us Through Woods and Brush and Swamps.

tinburg. It was night then, and we had not had time to eat our breakfast yet. It was a beautiful moonlight night, very quiet. Lieutenant Wesley Mann was in command. We came in contact with a squad of Imboden's cavalry, and I had my horse killed. Cole's Rangers came in, well armed. I ran along a deep gully until I thought it safe, then I came out. I was not long without a horse. My new mount was an old swaybacked horse, but nevertheless took me to Martinsburg. I got there Monday about 3 o'clock. I had had nothing to eat since Sunday night except a few pieces of hardtack. Early in the morning we were leaving there, and I slipped through to Williamsburg, Md., and there I found my comrades. They thought I had been killed or captured.

"Then I turned to law," continued Abe as he hitched the chair over to get a brace for his feet on a post of the veranda. "Kurnel Harper, nobody on the face of this big earth will ever know how I pinched and saved and starved and worked to get that law business down to a fine point. Did anybody encourage me? Not a critter. Not a pesky varmint had a kind word for me. If I'd known yo' during them struggling times yo' have been the man to open yo'r wallet and hand me out \$20 or so, and tell me to pay it back in my own good time. Yes, that would have been yo, kurnel."

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BRECKINRIDGE COUNTY FAIR

AUGUST 20, 21, 22.

TUESDAY

CHILDREN'S DAY
All Children Admitted Free

WEDNESDAY

LOUISVILLE DAY
Special Trains from up-line

THURSDAY

DERBY DAY
Races and Special Attractions

Liberal premiums for all entries unequalled by any County Fair in the State. Saddle Stakes \$100. Harness Stakes \$100. Derby Stakes \$100. Don't miss the Bull Race the first day. This is the only tournament of this kind to be held at any fair in Kentucky. Bulls mounted by skilled riders.

Music attraction treat—best Brass Band in this part of the State. Music all day. Automobile racing & Amusements of all kinds. Something doing all the time for both old and young. Come one, come all! Come and see your neighbor—everybody will be there. Make the Breckinridge County Fair the best of all fairs. Special trains and reduced rates every day. For any further information or premium list, write

A. T. BEARD, President,

J. M. SKILLMAN, Secretary.

THE MAN WHO WROTE "DIXIE"

Was First Sung in Minstrel Show.

Conditions Under Which Melody Was Given to the World.

Al G. Field, the minstrel man, who discovered Daniel Decatur Emmett, the author, living in retirement, nearly forgotten, at Mt. Vernon, O., took him on a farewell tour, the last he ever made, and was the closest friend of Emmett in his declining years. The late Emmett often talked of the inspiration that begot "Dixie," of the years of close association with his subject before the theme was written, and of the first presentation of the song. But, as is generally known among those who associated with Emmett, his memory was faulty at the last, and his mental grasp was deficient. Therefore much of the information that has been promulgated concerning the "South's greatest folk song" place has been dug from other sources.

In this connection Mr. Field has discovered interesting facts pertaining to the song. According to the oft-repeated statements of Emmett the first production of the song was on Broadway, New York, in November, 1850, while the author was with Bryant's minstrels, then a located troupe. Development have and investigators are to the belief that this statement was at fault and that the song was given public hearing in the month some time previous to this date. It is a matter of record that this is the date of the first publication of the song. This is the personal belief of Al G. Field, who has spent much time plowing into the matter. Mr. Field has a program of the Bryant performances and the appearance is further authenticated by programs and newspaper clippings in the possession of Colonel T. Atkinson Brown.

Emmett's own story told to Mr. Field previous to the author's death, is to the effect that Dan Bryant was desirous of a new walk-around and dance to conclude the show. Emmett was commissioned to prepare it and was given dinner Saturday night until the following Monday in which to do his work. Emmett stated he had played the air of "Dixie" for nearly a year previous to writing the words. Having been popular with him on his southern tour before the New York opening. On this dull November Sunday in New York the words that due gone down in history as symbolic of a land, the words that have stirred loyal hearts on almost every civilized strand, were written. Its production the following day was an instantious success.

Lately a writer in the New York Herald claimed the song had no application in the south, but referred to a farm on Long Island which had been named Dixie. In the light of subsequent information unearthed this claim is known to be ridiculous.

Among writers and publishers it has ever been a source of mystery that if the song was first produced in New York in the fall of 1850, how it became so amazingly popular over the whole south a little more than a year later. Many persons now living contend that the song was well known throughout the south even before the civil war. This statement has been made so frequently to Mr. Field that there together with the recently discovered evidence

which the minstrel unearthed at Memphis convinces him that Emmett sang "Dixie" in the south before he produced it in New York City.

Professor Norman Arnold, the eminent musician, formerly of Montgomery, Ala., who is still living in Memphis, states that Emmett came to Montgomery with a minstrel company in January, 1850, and played and sang "Dixie." The professor asserts that he became so taken with the melody that he requested a copy of the music. Emmett told him that none had been made and Arnold was forced to transcribe it as the author played the air upon his violin. Prof. Arnold has the original score in brass and proposes to present it to the Tennessee Historical Society. Prof. Arnold further states that he had played the melody of "Dixie" on public occasions for more than a year before the words to the song made their appearance in Montgomery and that the song was sung there before the war. Several persons living verify the statements of the professor.

It is a fact that Alabama soldiers sang Dixie as a marching chorus long before the beginning of hostilities in the civil war.

Based on facts gleaned from authentic sources Mr. Field is of the opinion that "Dixie" was sung in Eufaula, Mobile, Montgomery, Selma and possibly Nashville before it was produced in New York. Emmett was traveling and visited the cities above mentioned during January, 1850, nearly one year previous to the introduction of the song in Bryant's minstrels in New York City.

Emmett's right to the honor of the authorship of "Dixie" is so firmly established that it seems almost superfluous at this late date to contradict silly statements born of ignorance. A lady writer in a cheap magazine has revived the oft denied statement that Will S. Hays was the true author of "Dixie."

At a banquet tendered Pimmett in Louisville, Ky., in 1886, Mr. Hays was a guest and there made a statement denying all responsibility for the claim.

In his statement, which is not a record of memory but one of black and white, the newspaper having published it at the time, he told of the manner in which the mistake occurred. A lady

BOYS TO CAMP AT STATE FAIR

School of Instruction Along Educational Lines to be Conducted.

Frankfort, Ky., July 27.—One hundred and twenty boys, representing every county in the state, will be camped on the state fair grounds during the state fair to attend a school of instruction along agricultural lines.

Commissioner of Agriculture Newellman has arranged with the Extension Department of State university for the boys' encampment, which will furnish railroad fare and meals for the boys during the encampment.

The military department of the state will be asked to furnish the tents so that everything will be free to the boys who are chosen to represent the counties.

The superintendent of the county schools in each county will be directed to hold a competitive examination for boys between the ages of 12 and 17 and the boy obtaining the highest grade will be appointed county representative. The papers will be approved by a member of the state board of agriculture and a professor from the state university so that politics nor favoritism will not enter into the selection of representatives.

Professors from the extension department of the university will instruct the boys in agricultural matters each morning during the encampment and in the afternoon the boys will be taken to the exhibits of live stock, grain, etc., and explain why the premiums were awarded.

Each student will be required to write an essay for their local paper upon their return home, stating what they have learned at the school of instruction and relating his experiences during the fair.

Almost Lost His Life.

S. A. Stid, of Mason, Mich., will never forget his terrible exposure to a merciless storm. "It gave me a dreadful cold," he writes, "that caused severe pain in my chest, so it was hard for me to breathe. A neighbor gave me several doses of Dr. King's New Discovery which brought great relief. The doctor said I was on the verge of pneumonia, but to continue with the discovery. I did so and two bottles completely cured me." Use only this quick, safe, reliable medicine for coughs, colds, or any throat or lung trouble. Price 75¢ and \$1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by Al Druggist.

Take Hail's Family Pills for constipation.

Discounting the Bill.

Westend—Is your wife going away for the summer?

Northeast—No; I couldn't afford it

so I put up a job on her, and now

nothing on earth can induce her to leave town.

Westend—How did you manage it?

Northeast—Let her catch me flying with the young widow who lives just across the street from us.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Hartford Druggist Deserves Praise.

The Ohio County Drug Co. deserves praise from Hartford people for introducing here the simple buckthorn bark and glycerine mixture, known as Miles' Pills. This simple German remedy first became famous by curing appendicitis and it has now been discovered that a

SINGLE DOSE relieves sour stomach,

gas on the stomach and constipation INSTANTLY. It is the only remedy which

never fails.

6—BIG DAYS—6 ...SEPTEMBER...

9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 1912

.....AT THE.....

Kentucky State Fair

LIBERAL PREMIUMS OFFERED

DAILY RACES—FREE ATTRACTIONS—CLEAN MIDWAY

LIBERATT'S BAND

Farmer Boys School Encampment REDUCED RAILROAD RATES

For Information, Entry Blanks, Catalogues, Address

J. L. DENT, Secy.

320 PAUL JONES BUILDING

LOUISVILLE, KY.

Condensed Statement of Condition

OF THE

Beaver Dam Deposit Bank

OF BEAVER DAM, KY.

At the Close of Business June 29, 1912.

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts \$197,018.36	Capital Stock \$25,000.00
Cash in Safe 11,948.43	Surplus 27,822.10
Cash in Other Banks 52,808.52	Dividend No. 30 1,250.00
Stocks and Bonds 17,504.00	Deposits 227,742.54
Overdrafts 540.33	
Real Estate, Furniture and Fixtures 2,000.00	

Total \$281,814.64

Total \$281,814.64

The Only Bank in the County on the Honor Roll.

Accounts Solicited. Correspondence Invited. Promptness and Accuracy Guaranteed.

I. P. BARNARD, President.

JNO. H. BARNES, Cashier.

AUTOMOBILE TRANSFER

From Hartford to Beaver Dam and Return

Splendid car meets all trains. Telephone or call at our stable when you want to leave.

COOPER & CO.

Hartford, Ky.

Call on The Hartford Republican for Fine Job Printing

Hartford Republican.

Published according to law at the Post Office, Hartford, Ky., as mail matter of the second class.

C. M. BARNETT, J. NEY FOSTER
EDITORS
RAMEY E. DUKE, J. NEY FOSTER
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

Address all communications to
The Hartford Republican.

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Subscribers desiring the paper sent to a new address must give the old address in making the request.

Unsolicited manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by postage.

Anonymous communications will receive no attention.

TELEPHONE.
Bough River 123

FRIDAY, AUGUST 2.

No stolen nomination goes with Ohio County Republicans.

Ohio County will easily meet a plurality for Col. Roosevelt in November.

When did Mr. Hiller, the Taft Chairman ever vote the Republican ticket?

When Mr. Bryan extended the olive branch Speaker Clark became near-sighted.

The Progressive party is already the contending force with the Democrats in Kentucky.

Mr. Bryan's managers were compelled to cancel his engagement to lecture in a town in Champ Clark's district.

There are many Democrats in Ohio County who will cast their lot with the Progressive party in November.

The largest convention ever held by any party in the Fourth Congressional District was conducted by the Progressives at Elizabethtown yesterday.

That quarter-million-dollar campaign contribution by Belmont to help elect a Democratic president in 1904 was solely in a spirit of patriotism.

It is impossible to get a bad opinion of Taft from a Democrat. They all after Roosevelt though. If you do not believe this try the next Democrat you meet. They know who they will have to beat.

Last year the Hartford Herald thought it "perfectly horrible" that Judge O'Leary did not resign before the election. Now it is quoting, with evident approval, special pleas to show that Governor Wilson should not resign until after the election. Consistency, Thou art a Jewel.

While the Hartford Herald is looking up quotations from us it might pay some attention to the quotations which are being published from its candidate for President, wherein he denounced organized labor and charged among other things that labor works to gain the most wages for the least work.

In Hardin County, where the nineteen delegate votes were stolen for Taft last April, the Taft County Chapman has resigned and gone over to the Progressives. It is said the entire Republican vote with few exceptions will go the same way. The County Convention in Elizabethtown last Saturday, was a hummer.

The speech of Senator Beveridge as temporary chairman of the Chicago Progressive convention will be a gem. It will arouse enthusiasm to the highest pitch. In this respect it will differ very markedly from that of Senator Root which fell flat and sounded more like a special plea of a lawyer to a judge on the bench.

ONCE WRONG, ALWAYS WRONG.

In the midst of what purported to be a news item telling of the Progressive Convention here last Saturday, the Hartford Herald turns aside to quote from the editor of this paper predictions of Col. Roosevelt for the manner of Taft's nomination four years ago. We have nothing to take back and we are still denouncing the use of Federal patronage or State patronage to control nominations to office by any party. Col. Roosevelt is now doing the same. The Herald would have us change our position because of that fact, no doubt. On the contrary Col. Roosevelt is with us and we are with him. The trouble with the Herald editor is that his political hide is so thick and he is so narrow in his warped puritan views that he can see no wrong in a Democrat and he is so stubborn and prejudiced that he would turn from right to wrong to avoid the company of one with whom he had formerly disagreed. We have not always agreed with Col. Roosevelt and we do not now subscribe to all of his teachings, but he is the champion of the people in this fight and has the best conception of the methods with which to solve existing problems that concern the average citizen as never before. He stands for the

rule of the people and his voice is continually raised in behalf of the laboring man. So much cannot be said for Mr. Taft or Gov. Wilson. Let the Herald continue to edify its readers by quoting differently from us. It is the surest way to increase its subscription list and would be a great relief to its readers, who otherwise have no opportunity to see both sides of any question. His motto is, "Once Wrong, Always Wrong."

PREVIOUS EXPERIENCES WITH A TARIFF FOR REVENUE ONLY

The Tariffs of 1846 and 1857 were intended as Tariffs for revenue only. Democrats in those years, as at the present time, were infatuated with that particular British doctrine. They believed in the policy of importing foreign-made goods. Such a policy was especially satisfactory to the South where the slave labor was free. But it did not prove beneficial to the country. In 1850 citizens of Massachusetts sent a petition to Congress praying it to "so alter the Tariff of 1850 that it will Protect the labor and capital of the country from foreign competition."

On January 6, 1855, the New York Herald published an address of the unemployed workingmen's committee to the mayor of the city of New York, in which they said:

We do not come as beggars, but we ask what we deem right. We ask not alms, but work. We don't want a little soup now and cast-off clothing tomorrow. But we do want work and the means of making a livelihood. The condition of the working classes is most pitiful. They want bread. Is there not enough in the city? They want clothes. Is there none made nowadays?

Does this not sound remarkably like those days of the last Cleveland administration, when Coxie's army was abroad? From 1847 to 1857 the expenditures of the government exceeded its revenues by \$21,700,000, and the public debt increased in the same period \$153,49,628. In 1861, when a Protective Tariff was enacted by the Republicans, the public debt had increased nearly \$10,000,000, and the expenditures exceeded the receipts by \$77,234,116 for the low-Tariff period.

It became necessary, under Buchanan and the Tariff of 1857, to obtain loans to meet the expenses of the government, and the same condition of affairs prevailed when the Wilson-Gorman Tariff bill was agitated and enacted into law. Our experience with a Tariff-for-revenue-only have been anything but satisfactory.—Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

New York, July 25.—A bitter attack upon both the Republican and Democratic parties was made by Mr. Roosevelt in an article entitled "Platform Insincerity," which appeared in the current issue of the Outlook today. The Colonel said:

"The bosses of the Democratic party and the bosses of the Republican party alike have a closer grip than ever before on the party machines in the State and in the nation. This crooked control of both the old parties by the beneficiaries of political and business privilege renders it hopeless to expect any far-reaching fundamental service from either."

After putting this spoke in the wheel of the two older political parties, Mr. Roosevelt turns his attention to that fair birth of his action at Chicago. He said:

"The best argument for a liberated party exists in extending the revolt of the Progressives, who have so successfully work

ed out their control in Pennsylvania,

California, Washington, Oregon, Wisconsin,

the Dakotas, Kansas and Nebraska.

It is the right of wisdom to make use of this effective organization of progressive sentiment and to appeal to all voters to come together, without regard to past political differences, and fight the new fight on the new issues instead of again dividing on worn-out and purely artificial lines."

Mr. Roosevelt characterizes the platform of both parties as "models of dangerous insincerity and of bad faith." He said:

"The present conditions in the two parties and the platforms put forth by both of them show that it is hopeless to get anything good out of them. To endeavor to punish this commission in each party alternately by voting for the other is to follow the course most greatly discredited by the corrupt bodies of both."

The Colonel seems to feel that the Democratic platform is the one upon which he must center his analytical attack, for he discusses the party constitution adopted by the Republicans at Chicago with an attack upon Mr. Taft and his administration and the assertion that "the platform of the Republicans is bad anyhow."

Mr. Roosevelt said:

"Any declaration of good intention in the Republican platform on any subject is rendered worthless, first by the fact that the present administration has broken most important pledges, on

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violation of every obligation of decency

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written."

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"The Baltimore platform offers perhaps as good an example as any plat-

form of the last thirty years of what

has become a typical vice of American

politics—the aversion of saying any-

To Breeders and Shippers of Sheep!

The Government requires that each load of sheep shipped from Ohio county be accompanied by a certificate stating the number of sheep, to whom they are being shipped, and the market upon which they are to be sold. No sheep can be brought into this county from an adjoining county, without a certificate from the inspector of the county from which the sheep originate. Shippers of sheep living in this county and buying sheep in adjoining counties; must secure a certificate from the county inspector in the county where the sheep are bought and mail same to me before I will issue a certificate for said sheep to be loaded in Ohio county to be shipped to market.

Farmers living in Ohio county are required to secure a certificate before you can sell and move sheep from this county to an adjoining county are hereby warned not to move any sheep without a certificate.

Shippers and farmers should write me at least two days before they desire to ship or move sheep to another county; stating the exact number of sheep to be shipped or moved, to whom they will be shipped, where they are to be sold, over what railroad they will be shipped and the date they expect to ship.

Shippers waiting until the day they expect to ship or failing to state the number of sheep in applying for certificate will have sheep left at shipping point until said requirements are fulfilled.

For certificates or further information, address:

L. D. BENNETT, Inspector, -:- Hartford, Ky., R. F. D. 3

BITTER ATTACK ON OLD PARTIES

Both Have Platforms of Insincerity.

Declares Col. Roosevelt—Says

Baltimore Platform Avoids

Real Issues.

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politics—the aversion of saying any-

thing real on real issues, and the announcement of radical policies with much sound and fury, and at the same time with a cautious accompaniment of weasle phrases, each of which sucks the meat out of the preceding statement. Neither the Republicans nor the Democratic platform shows the slightest grasp of the real situation that we are now face to face with a great industrial evolution which, unless frankly accepted as such by the government, will become an industrial revolution. Three or four of the issues involved in this movement have been touched on by the two parties in their platforms—the right of the people to have their representatives really represent them, the right of the people to embody their sense of civic justice in their state laws even over the objection of reactionary courts, the cost of living, the tariff problem, and the trust problem. On all these matters both parties have spoken loudly, but on no one of them has either party spoken clearly.

"What the Baltimore platform says on the tariff and the trust illustrates completely what I mean. It first declares that protective duties are unconstitutional. If the Democratic party is sincere in this belief, then it is necessarily committed to a construction of the constitution which would gravely impair the powers which the government has employed, time and time again for industrial and social betterment. It is unconstitutional to impose protective duties for the sake of helping wage-workers, then it is unconstitutional to lay an inheritance tax or an income tax for the purpose of equalizing burdens and securing a better distribution of wealth; then it is unconstitutional to collect a corporation tax, levied with the incidental purpose of securing publicity regarding corporation and trust methods; then the State bank tax, imposed for the purpose of regulating the issuance of currency, was and still is unconstitutional; then it would be unconstitutional to enact any kind of workmen's insurance law that would levy a tax for the purpose of creating a fund out of which wage-earners would receive insurance; it would be unconstitutional to use the taxing power of the government, in any form, for the purpose of improving social conditions and promoting economic efficiency.

"There can be a legitimate discussion as to the extent to which the principle of protection should be applied, and in my judgement it should be applied for totally different purposes than those for which it has been applied for the last three years. But it is quite impossible to declare the principle of protection itself as unconstitutional, unless the constitution is interpreted in a way that would at once reduce us to impotence in dealing with nine-tenths of the serious social and industrial problems which now confront us.

"The sound and fury of the Baltimore declaration against trusts is entirely in the vein of Mr. Bryan, but the weasle sentence about States' rights could well have been suggested by the astuteness of Mr. Bryan's fellow-Democrat, Mr. Ryan.

"There is not a dishonest trust in the country that could not afford to support the Democratic platform rather than face the honest and efficient

platform of the Progressive party, and

there is not an honest business concern in the country that would not be ruined if the promises of the Democratic platform were kept."

House for Sale in Beaver Dam.

A splendid cottage in the Rader addition in Beaver Dam, Ky., in good condition, and including four town lots are for sale if sold at once. Residence is now being repared. A bargain is offered. Call on or address,

BARNETT & FOSTER,

Hartford, Ky.

You Can Make Your Wife Supremely Happy

By advising her to give up the hot, exhausting task of doing the family baking, and insisting on the purchase of

Bread, Rolls, Pies, Cakes, Etc., Etc.

From Our Bakery

THE HARTFORD BAKERY

W. C. SCHLEMMER, PROP.

Ice Cream Served Every Saturday and Sunday.

LOOK!

For 10 days if you will call at my store and select a Piano I will

SAVE YOU FROM \$50 TO \$75

This is the agents' profit. I SELL DIRECT, FROM THE FACTORY and have no

agents. I will take old organs and pianos in exchange.

HARTFORD MUSIC CO.

M. A. FAUGHT, Manager.

Factory Representative for High Grade Pianos

Player Pianos and Organs

HARTFORD, - KY.

The Pool of Flame



By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

Illustrations by Ellsworth Young

Copyright 1893, by Louis Joseph Vance

CHAPTER XXXII.

For several minutes O'Rourke remained beside the body, making two notable discoveries. For he was quick to note the fact that one of the dead man's hands was tightly clenched, while the other lay half-open and limp. The former was closed upon a leather thong so stout as to resist any attempt to break it by main strength, so firmly held that the murderer had found it necessary to sever it with a knife. The knife itself was there, for proof of this; the sheen of light upon its mother-of-pearl handle caught the Irishman's eye.

Picking it up, he subjected it to a close examination that, however, gleaned no information. It was simply a small pocket penknife, little worn, with blades of German steel. It carried no identifying marks and told him but one thing—that the assassin had been a European; a native would never have bothered with so ineffectual a thing when a sturdy weapon, serviceable alike for offense and defense, would have served its purpose well.

From this he turned to the dagger which he had taken from the body; a stiletto with a plain ebony handle, unmarked, unscratched, apparently fresh from the dealer's showcase. It meant nothing, save that it indicated still more strongly that the murderer was most probably not a native. A Greek or an Italian, a Genoese sailor or a native of Southern France—say a seafaring man out of Marseilles—might have carried it.

"Oho!" said O'Rourke, speculatively. "A Frenchman, mayhap!"

He got up, satisfied that he would learn nothing more by continuing his search of the solicitor's body. The mental link between the fact of the crime and its perpetrator was inevitable; O'Rourke believed implicitly that Sypher had been murdered by Des Trebes masquerading as "De Hyeres." And he could have done himself an injury in the impotent fury aroused by realization that he had permitted himself to be so childishly hoodwinked, despite the suspicions he had entertained of the self-dubious "De Hyeres." He felt himself responsible, since he had neglected to warn Sypher. It had been on his tongue's tip that afternoon, when Sypher himself had diverted the warning by his request that the O'Rourke could more comfortably spin his yarn after they had dined.

"Poor devil!" said the adventurer again. He stooped to spread his handkerchief over the staring, pitiful face. "And poor, poor young woman!"

He was startled by the thought of her; for the first time it entered into his comprehension, until then bounded by the hard and fast fact of the murder. Now instantly his concern about the girl. What could have happened to her? What had become of the servants, whose sudden desertion had left the house so sinisterly quiet?

Swept on by a fervor of anxiety on the girl's behalf, O'Rourke glanced quickly about the study to assure himself that he had overlooked nothing of importance, then passed out into the main hall or reception-room. Here the most searching inspection revealed nothing amiss. He moved on to the other room on the main floor and found himself in the dining-room; here again all was in perfect order.

The kitchen offices in the rear of the house next received his attention; he found them completely untenanted, having apparently been abandoned in desperate haste. Everything was in disorder; the meal he had been invited to partake of was cooking to cinders in pots and ovens; a heavy offense of burning food thickened the atmosphere. Hasty-tidied, he left the place as quickly as possible, returned to the main hall and ascended to the upper story.

Here he found three bed-chambers and a bath. He first entered Sypher's, then the room evidently occupied by Miss Pynsent, finally what was unquestionably a guest-chamber, discovering nothing noteworthy until he reached the latter. And here he received a shock. Thrown carelessly across the foot of the bed was a woman's evening wrap, while on the bureau were gloves, long, white and fresh, but wrinkled from recent wear, and a silk-on-veil. Plainly these were the property of the fourth guest, whose place had been set at the table below, but of whose identity he had not been apprised. Presumably, he reflected, she (whoever she was) had been intended as the fulfillment of Sypher's hinted surprise.

A guess formed vaguely in his brain, and suddenly curdled into a suspicion. He took the gloves in his hand, examining them for marks of identification; but found none. But in one corner of the veil he discovered an embroidered initial—the letter B.

"Boudoir!" he guessed huskily. "It is possible!"

He promised me

a surprise. . . . "I would have been like her to plan it with him—and 'tis quite possible she reached Rangoon before I My wife!"

Hastily he returned to the evening wrap, a fascinating confluence of lace and satin unquestionably the last cry of the Parisian mode, such a wrap as his wife might well have worn. But beyond Paquin's label stitched inside his dainty pocket it boasted no distinguishing mark.

He stumbled hurriedly from the room and down the stairs, returning to the study where Sypher's body lay; tortured by mounting fears, he stood and looked blankly about him, at a loss where next to turn. It almost preternaturally alive to every sound or sight that might afford him a clue. . . . He fought against a suspicion that crawled like a viper in his brain. Had he, after all, been deceived in Sypher's niece, Miss Pynsent? Had that innocent charm of hers been a thing assumed, a cloak for criminal duplicity? Had she in reality been Des Trebes' accomplice? Had those clear and limpid eyes of youth, all through that voyage been looking forward to such a scene, to such a tragic ending as this? Could she have afforded the Frenchman the aid he needed to consummate his chosen crime?

For he was now ready to believe Des Trebes the prime mover in this terrible affair; he no longer entertained a shred of doubt that his enemy had traveled with him from Calcutta under the disguise of "De Hyeres." And he believed the man had planned this thing far ahead; else would he have surely taken some overt step to prevent O'Rourke from delivering the ruby to Sypher. He divined acutely that, despairing of any further attempt to win the jewel from him, Des Trebes had turned his wife to the task of stealing it from Sypher; somebody naturally much less to be feared than the adventurer.

But on the other hand, if the girl had not been Des Trebes' assistant—what had become of her? And what of her guest—the lady one of whose initials was B?

It was not inconsistent with Des Trebes' whole-hearted villainy that he should employ a gang of thugs sufficiently large to overpower and make away with bodily and in a body Miss Pynsent, her guest and the servants. . . . "Great God!" cried O'Rourke. "It is in truth my wife!"

Without prosegua a thin but imperceptible tintinnabulation broke upon the silence of the house of death. O'Rourke jumped as if shot. Somewhere in one of the other rooms a telephone bell was ringing. It ceased, leaving a strident stillness; but before he could move to find the instrument and answer the call, there rose a second time that moaning sob which first he had attributed to an impossible source, then, in the tumult of his thoughts, had forgotten.

He waited, listening intently. The telephone called again and again subsided. Then a third time he heard the groan, more faint than before, but sufficiently loud to suggest its source. He moved warily toward the windows and out upon the veranda—bounded by the telephone. But that would have to wait; here was a more urgent matter to his hand. Between the long, insistent rings the moaning was again audible; and this time he located it accurately. It came from the lawn, near the edge of the veranda. He stepped off carefully, but almost stumbled over the body of a man who lay there, huddled and moaning.

"And another!" whispered the adventurer, awed. "Faith, this Pool of Flame"

He was at once completely horrified and utterly dumbfounded. Nothing he had come upon within the hunglow seemed to indicate that there had been anything in the nature of a struggle prior to the assassination of Sypher. He had up to this moment considered it nothing but a cold-blooded and cowardly murder; the man had apparently been struck down from behind in total ignorance of his danger. O'Rourke had deduced that Sypher had risen from the desk to put the jewel in his safe; and that while he was so engaged the assassin, till then skulking



Dragged Him into the Library.

outside the long window and waiting for a moment what his victim's back should be turned, had entered and struck. . . . But how could he reconstruct this hypothesis with this man who lay waiting and at the point of death at the veranda's edge?

Indeed, he could not do so. But this victim, at least, was not yet dead; if he had strength to moan, he might yet be revived, at least temporarily.

"Without delay, then, the Irishman grasped the man beneath the armpits, and lifting him bodily to the veranda, dragged him into the library. Not until he placed him in the middle of the

floor, beneath the blare of the lamp-light, did O'Rourke have an opportunity to observe his features. But now as he dropped to his knees beside the body, his wondering eye testified to immediate recognition.

The latest name to be inscribed on the long and blood-stained death-roll of the Pool of Flame was that of Paul Maurice, Vicomte des Trebes; or, if there were still enough left in the man to enable him to insist upon his nom de guerre (the wanderer reflected grimly) Raoul de Hyeres.

"What next?" wondered O'Rourke. "What can the meaning of it all be now?"

With each development the mystery was assuming more fantastic proportions, becoming still more impenetrable and unsolvable. But he had no leisure in which to ponder it now, for Des Trebes were to be restored. And O'Rourke worked over the man as tenderly as though they had been lifelong friends, with skillful fingers estimating the nature and extent of his wounds, with sound knowledge of rough and ready surgery doing all that could be done to bring him back to consciousness.

At last Des Trebes sighed feebly; a spot of color, febrile, tickle, evanescent, dyed his cheeks; his breath rattled harshly in his guttlet; his eyelids twirled and opened wide. He glared blankly at the face above.

"Des Trebes!" cried O'Rourke. "Des Trebes!"

His voice quickened the intelligence of that moribund brain. A flash of recognition lighted the staring eyes. The lips moved without sound.

"Des Trebes!"

"Ah, yes the Irishman"

The whisper was barely articulate. O'Rourke put to his lips a cup of brandy diluted with a little water. "Drink," he pleaded, "and try to tell me what's happened to ye. Who gave ye these wounds? Try to speak."

"But no I shall not tell."

"But—good God, man! ye've been murdered!"

The white lips moved again; the adventurer bent his ear low to them. "We have both lost but you your wife"

"My wife!"

In a frenzy O'Rourke resumed his efforts to strengthen the dying man with spirits and water, but Des Trebes, with a final effort, obstinately shut his teeth, moving his head imperceptibly from side to side in token of his stubborn refusal.

So he died, implacable. In death the chiseled features remained set in a smile sardonic and triumphant. Dying, he gave no comfort to his foe.

For a little time longer O'Rourke knelt at Des Trebes' side, watching and wondering. Eventually he sighed heavily, shook his head, shrugged his shoulders and rose. And, rising, he perceived for the first time that he was no longer alone with the dead in that place.

Knelling in silence by the vicomte's side he had till then been hidden from the inner doorway to the room by the drapery of the center table. And evidently it was this circumstance which had emboldened a man to slip in from the main hall and approach Sypher's desk at the back of the room.

As O'Rourke appeared he was conscious first of something moving in the room—a movement caught vaguely from the corner of his eyes. Then he heard a stifled cry of fright. He had already his revolver in his hand, so instant had been the obedience of his brain and body to the admonition of instinct.

He swung about with the weapon poised, crying: "Stop!" The other man was apparently trying to escape by the door to the hall, but was much too far from it to escape the threatened bullet. A jet of fire spurred from his hand. O'Rourke heard a crash and clatter of broken window-glass behind him. Without delay or conscious aim he fired and saw, still indistinctly through pungent wreaths of smoke, the figure reel and collapse upon itself.

The man had hardly fallen ere O'Rourke stood over him, with a foot firm upon one arm, while he bent and wrenched a revolver from relaxing fingers. Then, stepping back, he took stock of the murderous-minded intruder, and saw at his feet, writhing, coughing and spitting, a Chinese coolie—a type of the lowest class, his face a set yellow mask, stoic, unemotional, brutalized. Even then it betrayed little feeling; only the giant black eyes burned with unquenchable hatred as they glared up at the conqueror. . . . O'Rourke's bullet had penetrated the man's chest; and as he squirmed and groaned through his sharpened teeth of a rat, a crimson stain spread on the bosom of his coarse white blouse.

Wholly confounded, O'Rourke shook an amazed head. A third element had been added to the mystery with no effect other than to render it more opaque and dense than before.

The telephone, its raucous voice now long since stilled, came into his mind, and he was minded to leave the room and find it to summon aid.

Before he could move, however, a footfall on the veranda started him, and his ears were ringing with a command couched in terse, curt English: "Hands up!"

(To be continued.)

"Were all medicines as meritorious as Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy the world would be much better off and the percentage of suffering greatly decreased," writes Landry Scott, of Temple, Ind. For sale by all dealers.

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Directory

Ohio County

Circuit Court—T. F. Birkhead, Judge; Ben D. Ringo, Attorney; W. P. Midkiff, Jailer; E. G. Burrow, Clerk; F. L. Peix, Master Commissioner; R. T. Collins, Trustee; Jury Fund; T. H. Black, Sheriff; Hartford, Deputies—S. O. Keown, Beaver Dam; G. P. Jones, Route 1, Hartford; W. J. Earp, Esquire; Court convenes first Monday in February and on the second Friday in October, two weeks, third Monday in October, two weeks.

County Court—R. W. Welding, Judge; W. S. Tinsley, Clerk; C. E. Smith, Attorney; Hartford, Court convenes first Monday in each month.

Quarterly Quarterly Court—Begins on the fourth Monday in February, May, August and November.

Court of Claims—Convenes first Tuesday in January and first Tuesday in October.

Other County Officers—C. S. M. Morley, Surveyor; Fordsville, Ky.; H. F. D. No. 2; Bernard Feltz, Assessor; Hartford, Ky.; R. F. D. No. 2; Henry Lewis, Superintendent, Hartford; Dr. A. B. Tidley, Coroner, Hartford.

JUSTICES' COURTS.

B. S. Chamberlain, Hartford, Tuesday after 3rd Monday in March, Tuesday after 3rd Monday in June, Wednesday after 3rd Monday in September, Saturday after 3rd Monday in December.

O. E. Scott, Cromwell, Wednesday after 3rd Monday in March, Wednesday after 3rd Monday in June, Wednesday after 3rd Monday in September, Saturday after 3rd Monday in December.

Grant Pollard, Fordsville, Tuesday after 3rd Monday in March, Thursday after 3rd Monday in May, Thursday after 3rd Monday in August, Thursday after 3rd Monday in November.

J. C. Jackson, Centerburg, Saturday after 3rd Monday in March, Saturday after 3rd Monday in June, Saturday after 3rd Monday in September, Saturday after 3rd Monday in December.

John H. Miles, Rockport, Friday after 3rd Monday in March, Friday after 3rd Monday in June, Friday after 3rd Monday in September, Friday after 3rd Monday in December.

John C. Cook, Renfrew, Tuesday after 2nd Monday in March, Tuesday after 2nd Monday in May, Tuesday after 2nd Monday in August, Tuesday after 2nd Monday in November.

HARTFORD POLICE COURT.

C. M. Crowe, Judge; John B. Wilson, City Attorney; J. P. Stevens, Marshal; Court convenes second Monday in each month.

City Council—J. H. Williams, Mayor; T. C. Collins, Clerk; E. P. Thomas, Treasurer; Members of Council—Robert Hoover, H. B. Taylor, J. H. Carson, E. Moore, Fred Cooper, W. J. Bean.

School Trustees—C. M. Barnett, Chairman; Dr. J. W. Taylor, Secretary; W. F. Tinsley, Dr. E. B. Pendleton and H. F. Lowe.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

M. E. Church—Services morning and evening every first and third Sunday in each month.

Prayer meeting every Tuesday evening.

Baptist Church—Services every Sunday morning and evening.

Christian Church—Services every Sunday morning and evening.

Methodist Church—Services every Sunday morning and evening.

McCall's Magazine—Services every Sunday morning and evening.

McCall's Magazine will help you dress stylishly at a moderate expense by keeping you posted on the latest fashions in men's and women's wear.

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STREET FAIR

And a Good Time for Everybody!

SATURDAY, AUGUST 10

In the Beautiful Grove on North Church
Street Opposite M. E. Church

CENTERTOWN

It is conceded by all that this is the one ideal place for a days outing, being situated within the city limits and adjoining a beautiful ball park, on which the best teams of this and adjoining counties will compete for the various prizes.

At 1 p. m. Independent Order of Odd Fellows will assemble at hall and march to grounds, where an address will be delivered by prominent speaker.

At 3 p. m. Prof. Ozna Shultz, principal of Centertown Graded School, will lecture.

Contests for premiums given by others than the management will be held in front of their respective places of business and all contestants must register before 9 a. m. at which time contests will begin and follow in order on bill.

MUSIC, REFRESHMENTS AND PLENTY TO EAT

To one bringing to town the nearest worn out wagon a rebate of \$5 on purchase price of new wagon. By A. B. Rowe, manufacturer of wagons, plows and general blacksmith.

To winner of Fat Man's race, \$1 shirt, by J. W. Carter, barber and presser. Contestants must weigh not less than 200 pounds.

To lady harnessing and hitching to buggy correctly in shortest time, one 9x12 drugget, by Alvin Rowe, cashier Farmers Bank.

To best Gentlemen Fiddler, \$2.50 hat, by Lee Mason, dealer in general merchandise.

To best Lady Fiddler, one parlor lamp, by Lee Mason.

To prettiest baby under one year old, baby carriage, by E. S. McMillan, dealer

in general merchandise.

To tackiest turnout, single or double or horseback, one set wagon single trees, by Charles Brown, blacksmith.

For neatest piece Embroidery Work, \$1.50 in sewing, by Mrs. J. B. Swain.

To one bringing largest number in one conveyance, ticket entitling holder to shoeing two horses by Swain and Swain, blacksmiths.

To best boy rider under 12 years old, one riding bridle by James & Company, liverymen.

For the prettiest bouquet, a bowl and pitcher will be given.

For best glass jelly, one toilet set by L. C. Morton & Son, druggists.

To best lady driver, one pair driving gloves, by Overton and Warden, dealers in fancy groceries and cold drinks.

To worst dressed man, \$1, by James Ward, dealer in groceries, cold drinks, etc.

To best lady rider, one ladies rocker, by Centertown Mercantile Co.

For best quart preserves, one water set by L. W. Tichenor, undertaker and funeral director.

Best piano player, one transferable ticket for \$25 on piano purchased within 30 days by U. S. Faught, postmaster.

To nicest single turnout, three years subscription to the Hartford Republican by the publishers.

To nicest double turnout, three years subscription to the Hartford Herald, by the publishers.

For best all round suckling colt, \$5 cash.

For second best all round suckling

colt, \$3 cash.

For third best all round suckling colt, \$1 cash.

For best all round suckling mule colt, \$3 cash.

For second best all round suckling mule colt, \$2 cash.

For largest family on ground, 50 pounds Vitality flour, by Farmers Union Milling Association.

To winner of sack race, 50c.

To winner of cracker eating contest, 50c.

To winner of apple eating contest, 50c.

For best class singing two songs, \$10 credit on church organ, by U. S. Faught.

For best pint of wine, any kind, calico dress.

For prettiest centerpiece, one blue and white enamel tea kettle.

Balloon Ascension at 10 O'clock a. m., 3:30 p. m. and 9 at Night

COME ONE AND ALL AND ENJOY THE DAY.

Remember the Place and Time, Centertown, Ky., Saturday, Aug. 10